

## THIRTEEN.

—What holds all the soul in the world? No one nose.

—Always bound to follow suit—Your tailor's bill.

—Ornithologists tell us that the owl is a wise bird. He certainly is a very solemn man.

—Mrs. Partington is solicitous to know whether a man who dips his can into a tank of water is a can-tanker-crook man.

—Those new styles of passers do away with newspaper bustles, and a journal must run on its merits alone.

—The verses, I love to steal a while a weigh, are supposed to have been written by a grocer given to short measures.

—A belated citizen, from whom a policeman was trying to rescue a lamp post a few mornings ago, violently resisted the endeavor, exclaiming—Lemme; I'm (hic) holdin' th' fort.

—Noticing in the sand a foot print about fourteen inches long, Snooks sighed and said: That fellow Jones is here; that's his monogram.

—The Sultan continues to have debrina tresses, and thinks he sees Ben Butler coming up the back stairs with a bustle on.

—Solfoggy by a tippler—The public always notices you when you have been drinking, and never when you are thirsty.

—Twenty Brooklyn ladies voted on the question: Has a young lady the right to kiss a gentleman with whom she takes an evening drive? There were nineteen affirmative votes. The one negative vote was cast by a woman with red hair and a glass eye.

—A little lady in Schenectady recently sent word to her absent pa, in New York, she must be excused from writing a long letter, as she had spent a very restless night with a sick doll.

—Gen'l'men, exclaimed an old Connecticut salt, as he grasped the brawny arm of a Yale College oarsman, and called the company's attention to its muscular development, Gen'l'men, that's intellect for you.

—Said I to little brother Howard, There! your toes are out of your stockings again; seems to me they wear out in a hurry. Giving a comical leer he said, Do you know why stockings wear out first at the toes? No. Because toes wiggle, and heels don't.

—A gentleman in Danbury has long been annoyed by his neighbor's hens, which made a daily practice of roving through his front garden and back yard. He just went patiently out and put old hats and hay under his steps and in the barn, and when those hens came on their marauding expeditions, those that came to scratch remained to lay. He has had all the fresh eggs he wanted lately, and has sold \$4.00 worth to the man who owns the hens.

—How do you like your new minister, Madge? asked one very stylishly dressed young lady of another, in a Highland cap the other day. Oh, he is just splendid, she replied with animation. You ought to see him, Maud. He is so handsome, and he prays so beautifully, and reads the hymns in such a lovely way; and besides, Maud, there was a dreadful scandal about him in the place where he preached before he came here.

—Patient to his doctor—And is it really true that I shall recover? infallibly answers the man of medicine, taking from his pocket a paper full of figures. Here, look at the statistics of your case; you will find that one per cent of those attacked with your malady are cured. Well, says the sick man, in an unsatisfied manner—Well, you are the hundredth person with this disease that I have had under my care, and the first ninety-nine are all dead.

—The thermometer in Atlanta, Ga., doesn't fool around and play with the north wind. A young man who attempted to sit the sermon out with a paper shirt bosom, but was not altogether successful. It is said that when he came out, waving his rattan, his appearance was such as to give rise to a suspicion that a salaratus bombshell had struck him in the stomach. The girl who had accepted an invitation to take dinner with him in an undertone, Who is this man who hates preachers?

—I HATE PREACHERS.

I overheard this remark in a crowd some weeks ago. I looked at the speaker. He was well dressed, and had, to a superficial observer, the appearance of a gentleman. Yet when you observed him closely you saw something about him that made you feel that you would hesitate to trust him. I asked a friend in an undertone, Who is this man who hates preachers?

One of the most notorious gamblers in the city.

No wonder that he dislikes those who labor to make men wiser and better. He lives and fattens on the ignorance and vices of others. His business is to lie and cheat.

The hatred of such a man is the best evidence that preachers are not, as some assert, either hypocrites or drosses; their moral power is felt in all the haunts of sin. Bad men often profess to have great respect for the church and ministry. But in their heart of hearts they hate us, and that hatred is the highest compliment they can pay us.

—Elderly agriculturist to season ticket holder on the train: You don't have no ticket?

—No, I travel on my good looks!

Then, after looking him over, probably you ain't goin' very far!

General smile.

—Ticket, sir said the conductor.

I pass, said the gentlemanly dead beat.

On the contrary, I order you up, replied the knight of the punch.

I assist, remarked the stalwart brakeman, as he slowly rolled up his sleeves.

Well, then, make it diamonds, said the beat in a tone of mingled sadness and sarcasm as he reluctantly handed over the fare and pointed to the conductor's curvaceous bosom.

## Sunday Reading.

## HINTS FOR THE PRAYER MEETING.

## Centaur Liniments.

Go from a place of prayer to a place of prayer. Visit the place where prayer is wont to be made, in the spirit of humble, earnest supplication. Expect to meet your Saviors there. Go to the prayer meeting as a contributor. Carry your offering with you. Be a donor as well as a hearer of the Word. Bring gifts. Think sometimes of this. What would the prayer meeting be if every one did just as I do? Count prayer meeting service a privilege instead of a duty. Be punctual at the hour set apart for the meeting. Punctuality is a virtue. In this little thing show interest. Be sure that the singing is earnest, animated, appropriate and hearty. Observe the time. Make melody. Sing with the Spirit. There is wonderful power in music. Do not kill the meeting with dismal, minor keyed dirges. Windham is good, but a prayer meeting is not a funeral—Good singing has very much to do with the interest of the prayer meeting and so emphatically has poor singing. In praying and speaking, observe religiously these three things, viz.—Point, brevity and earnestness. Do not scatter. Catch the key-note of the meeting, and hold on to it. Follow out the line of thought presented by the leader. Make a point. Be brief.

## SOCIAL LIFE.

Any great movement for good in social life begins at home. It begins with fathers and mothers. The first and highest social duty is to make home cheerful and active. Husband and wife must do this for each other. Without this their mutual affection will dry up. If they have children, it is their duty to make home sweet and precious to them. Children with good homes seldom go to bad. Girls who have learned to trust their mother, in their whole round of thought, seldom get talked about. Boys who are made to feel the strength of a father's love, seldom run wild. Their natural love of fun and mischief does not bind them over to the devil's service. Pleasant, cheerful, bright homes, then, are the great demand. They may be poor, but they can still be pleasant and attractive and good. The heart and spirit are more than furniture and dwelling.

## A NEW HEART.

An anecdote published many years ago of the Indian chief Teedyuscung, King of the Delaware, is too valuable to be lost. One evening he was sitting at the fireside of a friend. Both of them were silently looking at the fire, indulging in their own reflections. At length the silence was broken by the friend, who said, I will tell thee what I have been thinking of. I have been thinking of a rule delivered by the author of the Christian religion, which from its excellence, we call the Golden Rule.

Stop, said Teedyuscung, don't praise it to me, but rather tell me what it is, and let me think for myself. I do not wish you to tell me of its excellence, tell me what it is.

It is for one man to do to another as he would have the other do to him.

That's impossible. It cannot be done, Teedyuscung immediately replied.

Silence again ensued. Teedyuscung lighted his pipe and walked about the room. In about a quarter of an hour, he came to his friend with smiling countenance, and taking the pipe from his mouth, said

Brother, I have been thoughtful of what you told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a new heart, he could do as you say, but not else.

Thus the Indian found the only means by which man can fulfill his social duties.

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## VINCENT GROVER,

## Druggist &amp; Apothecary.

Having bought the stock of N. G. Taylor and increased the assortment, offers for sale

## FINE SETS STUDS, PINS,

## SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

He will increase the stock and hopes to receive

his share of the earnings in that line.

FACTORY POINT, Vt., Feb. 1, 1876.

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